ALL NEW
FIGHTIN' ARMY
CHARLTON COMICS
00036-772
NO.104
JULY
CDC
ONLY
20¢
AUTHOR:
THE SCREAMING STUKA'S GUNS CHATTERED BRIEFLY... AND THE THREE G.I.S FELT THE BRIDGE GO FROM BENEATH THEIR FEET! NOW, THE STUKA WAS ON TOP OF THEM AND THEY HAD...
"NOWHERE TO HIDE!"
U.S.
00036
don perlin

Conflict on a Hill with No Name

"GET DOWN KENNY HE CRIED" AND SHOVED ME BACK INTO THE FOXHOLE JUST AS A KRAUT SHELL EXPLODED A FEW YARDS OFF TO OUR RIGHT. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AND I LOOKED UP AGAIN MY BUDDY, HANK ALLEN WAS THERE AS ALWAYS... ONLY THIS TIME HIS HEAD WAS GONE... SHEERED CLEAN OFF BY THE FORCE OF THE BLAST... GONE!... ON A HILL IN ITALY THAT HAD NO NAME... ONLY A NUMBER... AND I CAN'T EVEN RECALL WHAT THAT WAS... MY NAME'S KEN SCHNEIDER...

"B" COMPANY... POOR GUYS... REALLY BEEN THROUGH THE RINGER...
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY PITY LEFT SAVE IT FOR YOURSELF... IT'LL BE OUR TURN NEXT...
D2609

SINCE LT. COCHRANE WAS SEVERELY WOUNDED DURING THE ATTACK THIS MORNING, LT. PITKOFSKY WILL ASSUME COMMAND OF "C" COMPANY FOR ITS ASSAULT ON THE HILL.
SURE! PITKOFSKY KNOWS THAT HILL BETTER THAN ANY OF US. HE'S LEFT ENOUGH OF HIS OWN MEN BACK THERE ALREADY! NOT ENOUGH OF HIS OWN COMPANY LEFT TO MAKE A GOOD POKER GAME...

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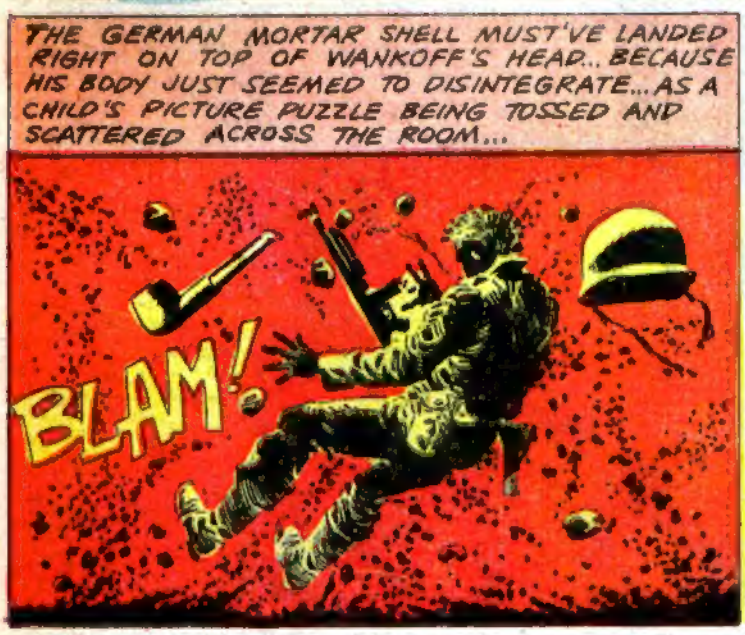
WE RECEIVED OUR ORDERS AND WERE DISMISSED, SGT. WARREN WANKOFF WAS BITTER...
I'M TELLING YOU SCHNEIDER, THAT PITKOFSKY'S YELLOW! A PHONEY WHO LETS HIS MEN DO ALL THE FIGHTIN' FOR HIM!
HE SAVED MY LIFE ONCE IN AFRICA. GARY'S NO COWARD ...I KNOW THAT FOR A FACT.
THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO... AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND MUCH LATELY, SCHNEIDER. GUYS CHANGE... SOME FOR THE BETTER ...AND SOME LIKE PITKOFSKY...
...AND IF THAT CONTEMPTABLE LITTLE WORM CAUSES ONE OF MY MEN TO GET KILLED... JUST ONE! I'LL COME BACK AND RIP THAT YELLOW BELLY OF HIS WIDE OPEN!
HE PRETENDED HE HADN'T HEARD US...BUT HE HAD. GARY PITKOFSKY WAS MY FRIEND... AND I FELT BADLY FOR HIM...
A SHORT TIME LATER, WE LEFT OUR FOX-HOLES AND DUGOUTS AND RESUMED OUR SLOW AND COSTLY ADVANCE UP THE HILL. OUR ARTILLERY ZEROED IN ON THE GERMAN POSITIONS NEAR THE TOP WITH EVERYTHING IT HAD... AND THEN SOME...

...AND THEN THE KRAUTS ADDED SOME FIREWORKS OF THEIR OWN TO THE DISPLAY...

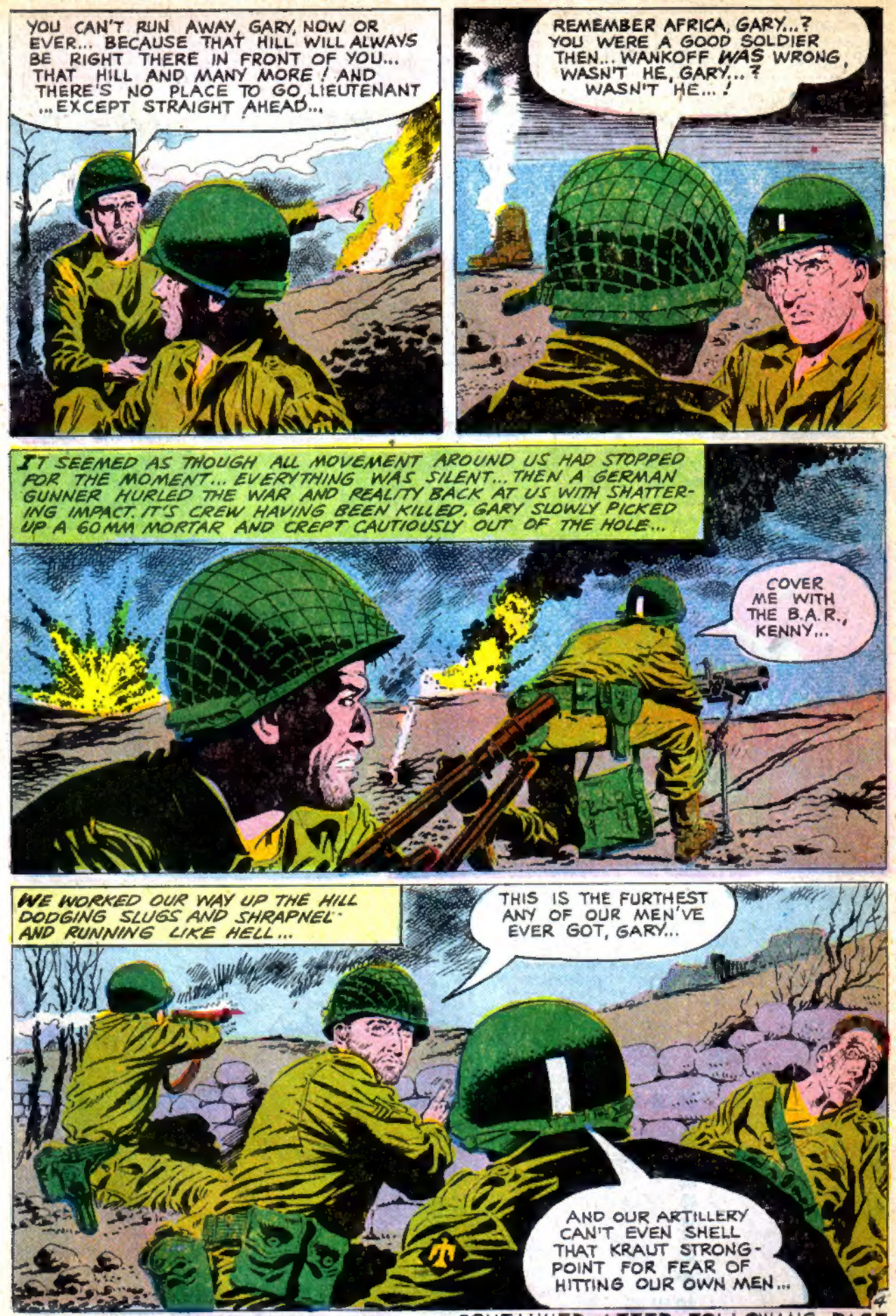
GERMAN SHELLS AND AIR-BURSTS WERE EXPLODING EVERYWHERE. MACHINE GUN SLUGS STITCHED DEADLY PATTERNS THROUGH THE COMPANY RANKS.. MEN WERE HIT... SCREAMING... DYING!
GET UP, PITKOFSKY! GET UP OR SO HELP ME I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF RIGHT HERE... YOU, YELLOW... GET UP!
WHREEEEeeee


THE GERMAN MORTAR SHELL MUST'VE LANDED RIGHT ON TOP OF WANKOFF'S HEAD.. BECAUSE HIS BODY JUST SEEMED TO DISINTEGRATE... AS A CHILD'S PICTURE PUZZLE BEING TOSSED AND SCATTERED ACROSS THE ROOM...
BLAM!

GARY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU HIT, GARY...!?

I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS... THEY MADE ME AN OFFICER AND PUT ME IN CHARGE BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY GUY LEFT FROM MY COMPANY IN AFRICA... I'M SCARED, KENNY... I CAN'T GO OUT THERE ANY MORE ...I TRIED... BUT I CAN'T!... I CAN'T!

THEN EVERYTHING WANKOFF SAID IS TRUE. ISN'T IT...! BLAST YOU, WE'RE ALL SCARED!


YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY, GARY, NOW OR EVER... BECAUSE THAT HILL WILL ALWAYS BE RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOU... THAT HILL AND MANY MORE! AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO, LIEUTENANT ...EXCEPT STRAIGHT AHEAD...
REMEMBER AFRICA, GARY...? YOU WERE A GOOD SOLDIER THEN... WANKOFF WAS WRONG, WASN'T HE, GARY...? WASN'T HE...!
IT SEEMED AS THOUGH ALL MOVEMENT AROUND US HAD STOPPED FOR THE MOMENT... EVERYTHING WAS SILENT... THEN A GERMAN GUNNER HURLED THE WAR AND REALITY BACK AT US WITH SHATTERING IMPACT. IT'S CREW HAVING BEEN KILLED, GARY SLOWLY PICKED UP A 60MM MORTAR AND CREPT CAUTIOUSLY OUT OF THE HOLE...
COVER ME WITH THE B.A.R., KENNY...
WE WORKED OUR WAY UP THE HILL DODGING SLUGS AND SHRAPNEL AND RUNNING LIKE HELL...
THIS IS THE FURTHEST ANY OF OUR MEN'VE EVER GOT, GARY...
AND OUR ARTILLERY CAN'T EVEN SHELL THAT KRAUT STRONG-POINT FOR FEAR OF HITTING OUR OWN MEN...

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

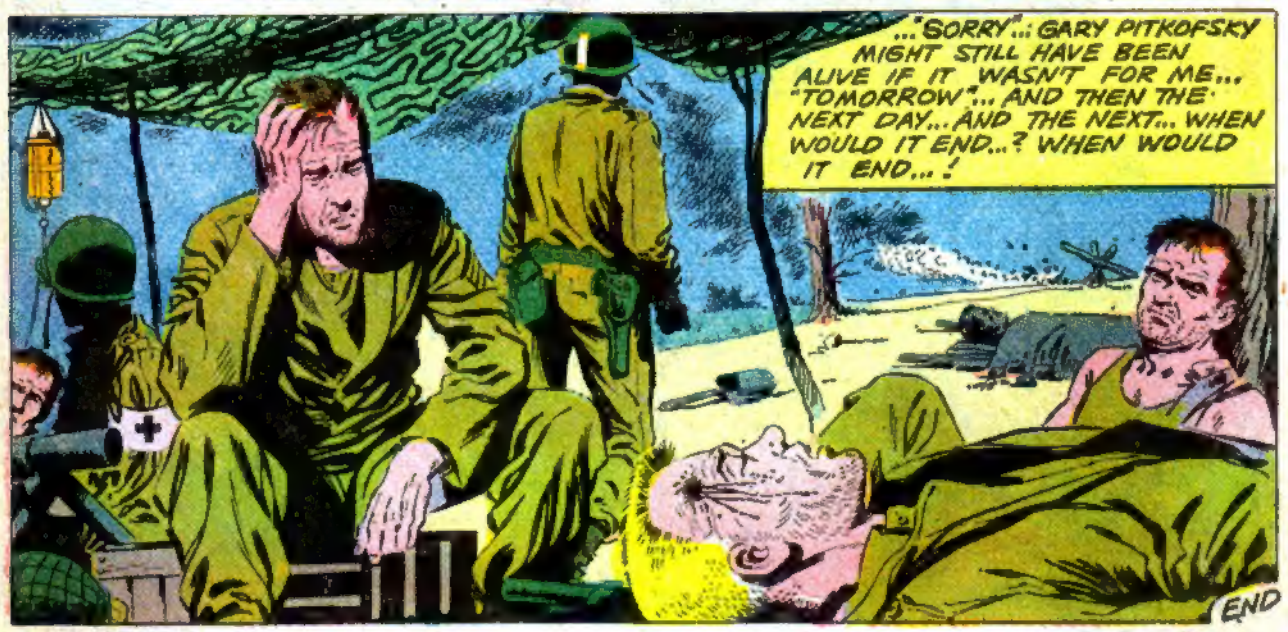
BUT WE DON'T HAVE THAT PROBLEM! OPEN UP, KENNY!
TOO SHORT, GARY, RAISE 20... THEY SEE US!
WHOMP!
GOT 'EM! THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHING NOW 'CEPT ANGELS... OR DEVILS... WHICHEVER THE CASE MAY BE...
WHOMP!
MOMENTS LATER, WE WERE INSIDE THE STRONGPOINT, LETTIN' FLY WITH A COUPLE OF GRENADES...
GARY TOSSED THE MORTAR ASIDE AND CHARGED FORWARD WILDLY FIRING A GERMAN LIGHT MACHINE GUN FROM THE HIP. THE FEAR AND DESPERATION WERE GONE FROM HIS EYES... ONLY TO BE REPLACED BY SOMETHING WORSE ... MUCH WORSE... BUT BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM...
KEEP THOSE GOONS OFF MY BACK, KENNY...!

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM
PITKOFSKY'S OUT THERE ALL ALONE! LET'S GO, SCHNEIDER!
GARY HAD GONE BEYOND FEAR... HAD GONE BEYOND COURAGE... HE WAS KILL CRAZY NOW! NOTHING COULD STAND IN FRONT OF HIS SIGHTS AND LIVE...
GET DOWN, GARY...!
6

SUDDENLY, A SHOT RANG OUT AND GARY FELL BACK INTO MY ARMS. HE WAS DEAD... I COULD FEEL THE LIFE GO OUT OF HIS BODY INSTANTLY...
BAM
HE COULD'VE KILLED ME, TOO... BUT DIDN'T... HE JUST LOOKED AT ME THROUGH BATTLE WEARY EYES... THEN TURNED AND DISAPPEARED OVER THE HILL...
HE HAD LET ME LIVE FOR YET ANOTHER DAY... BUT GARY WAS GONE... AND THE DEAD OF BOTH SIDES LITTERED THE SLOPE.
WE TOOK THE HILL, SCHNEIDER... AN' JEEZE ... I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A GUY FIGHT LIKE THAT BEFORE... NEVER... CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY WANKOFF CALLED HIM A COWARD...

THE HILL WITH NO NAME WAS ONCE AGAIN IN GERMAN HANDS. WARREN WANKOFF... HANK ALLEN, AND A LOT OF GOOD MEN HAD DIED... AND THE HILL WAS STILL IN GERMAN HANDS.!!

I'M MAKING YOU A SECOND LIEUTENANT, SCHNEIDER. YOU'LL ATTACK WITH "D" COMPANY TOMORROW MORNING AND DRIVE THOSE GERMANS OFF THAT HILL ONCE AND FOR ALL. OH... PITKOFSKY WAS YOUR FRIEND... I'M SORRY... SORRY ABOUT EVERYTHING... SORRY I WAS BORN....


..."SORRY"... GARY PITKOFSKY MIGHT STILL HAVE BEEN ALIVE IF IT WASN'T FOR ME... "TOMORROW"... AND THEN THE NEXT DAY... AND THE NEXT... WHEN WOULD IT END...? WHEN WOULD IT END...!
END

THE COP-OUT!

NO DRAFTEE EVER WENT TO WAR KICKING HARDER OR SCREAMING LOUDER THAN FRANCIS R. LOVETT...NO INDUCTEE WAS EVER HARDER TO DRILL, DIFFICULT TO TRAIN, OR AS TOTALLY USELESS ONCE HE WAS ASSIGNED TO REGULAR DUTY AS PFC LOVETT! HE WOUND UP IN THE WORST OF ALL PLACES FOR HIM AND THE U.S. ARMY...IN VIET NAM, IN THE SUMMER OF 1968, IN SGT. BUCK PARDEE'S SQUAD! THAT WAS WHEN PARDEE BEGAN GOING QUIETLY MAD!

GIT ACROSS THAT BLANKETY RIVER, LOVETT! *MOVE!*

I...I SAW A S-SNAKE, SARGE! IT ISN'T *SAFE!*

BRATATAT

VIP VIP

ZIP

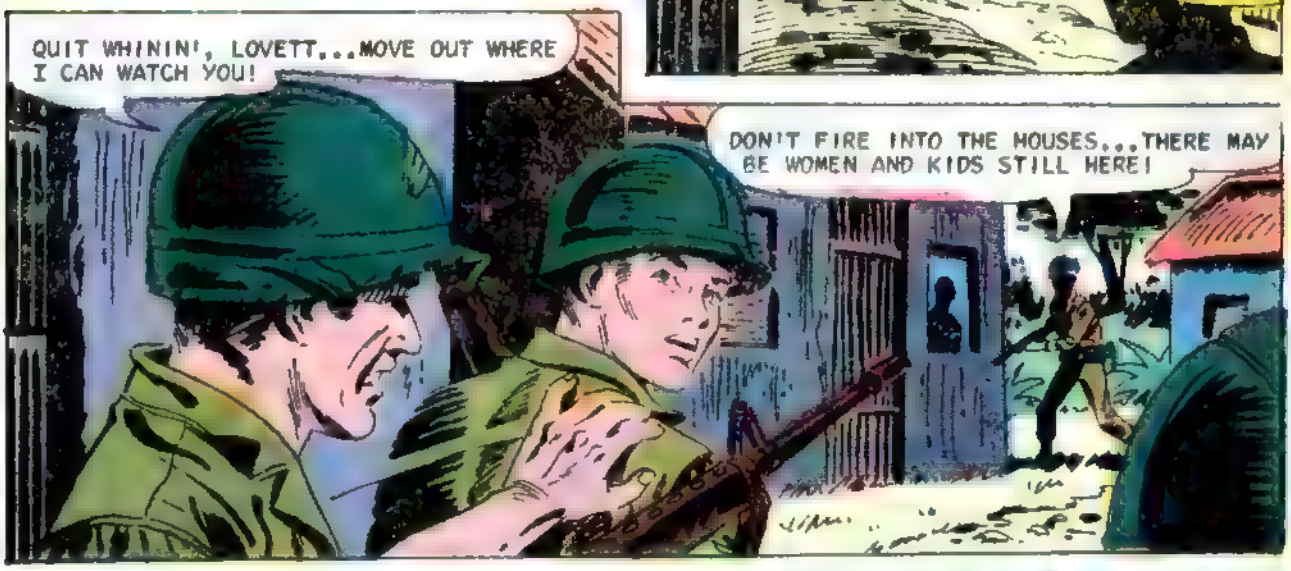
NICHOLAS ALASCIA

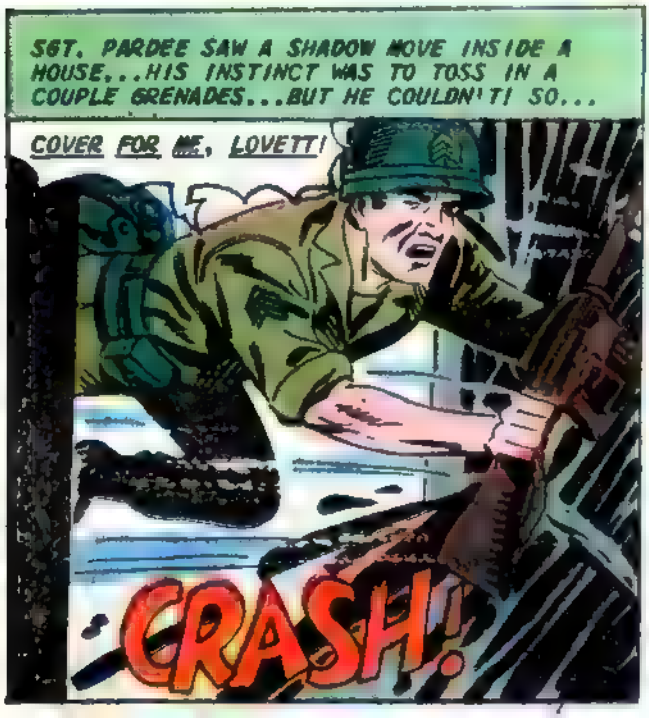
NOTHIN'S SAFE IN THE MEKONG DELTA, YA MORON! *GET GOIN'!*

THE OTHERS IN THE SQUAD WEREN'T EXACTLY HEROES... BUT THEY WANTED NO PART OF THIS CREEP WHO HAD TO BE WET-NURSED WHENEVER THEY WENT ON A FIRE MISSION!
YOU SHOULD CHECK THAT M16, LOVETT! SOME DAY YOU MIGHT WANT TO USE IT...IT'LL BE SO RUSTY IT'LL BLOW YOUR OWN HEAD OFF!
YOU GUYS ARE A LOT OF PHONIES! YOU'RE JUST AS CHICKEN AS I AM!
DON'T CALL ME CHICKEN!
LAY OFF THAT SLOB, HANK! WE ALL KNOW WHAT HE IS!
I DON'T MIND HIM CALLIN' ME CHICKEN, DAVE, BUT HOW ABOUT CLINE AND SCHWARTZ AND MANERO? MANERO GOT ZAPPED BECAUSE OF THIS WEIRDO!
SGT. PARDEE WAS AWAY WHEN LOVETT GOT PUT DOWN ...TRYING TO GET THE SERGEANT-MAJOR TO TRANSFER LOVETT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
WHY AIN'T YOU CHOWIN' DOWN, LOVETT? I SEE SOMEBODY ALREADY FED YUH A FIST SANDWICH!
YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING AT ME LONG, SERGEANT!

I'M GOING TO THE CHAPLAIN AND THEN THE INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, SERGEANT!

HAVING A MISFIT IN AN INFANTRY SQUAD IN A NASTY PLACE LIKE VIET NAM WAS TOUGH FOR THE OTHERS...THEY COULDN'T EVER DEPEND ON HIM AT ANY TIME! ASSIGNED TO SWEEP A DESERTED VILLAGE, SGT. PARDEE KEPT LOVETT WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES...
WHY COULDN'T I STAY WITH THE AMMO, PARDEE? YOU'RE HOPING I'LL GET ZAPPED!

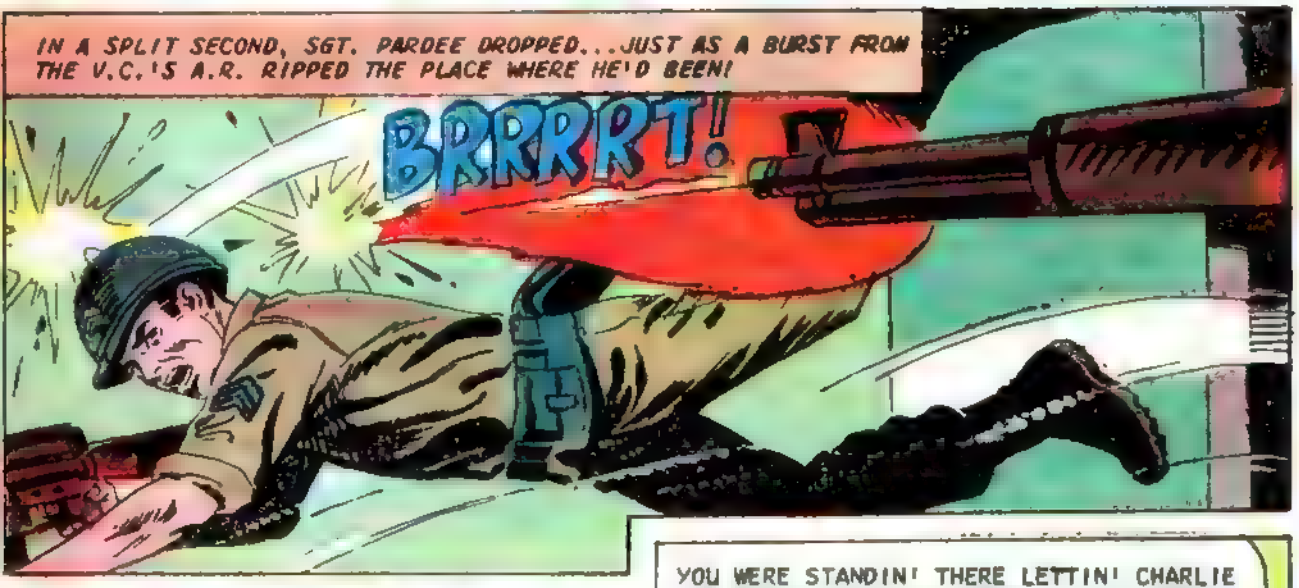

QUIT WHININ', LOVETT...MOVE OUT WHERE I CAN WATCH YOU!
DON'T FIRE INTO THE HOUSES...THERE MAY BE WOMEN AND KIDS STILL HERE!


SGT. PARDEE SAW A SHADOW MOVE INSIDE A HOUSE...HIS INSTINCT WAS TO TOSS IN A COUPLE GRENADES...BUT HE COULDN'T! SO...
COVER FOR ME, LOVETT!
CRASH!

OUTSIDE, SWEETHEART...QUICK!

OUTSIDE, LOVETT...THE SHACK MIGHT BE BOOBYTRAPPED...OR A V.C. MIGHT BE HIDDEN SOMEPLACE!
YEAH.

WHAT IS IT, LOVETT? LOVETT, YA CREEP...


IN A SPLIT SECOND, SGT. PARDEE DROPPED...JUST AS A BURST FROM THE V.C.'S A.R. RIPPED THE PLACE WHERE HE'D BEEN!
BRRRRT!

POW
POW
POW

YOU WERE STANDIN' THERE LETTIN' CHARLIE TRY TO KILL ME, YUH MORON! IF YUH WERE MORE OF A MAN, LOVETT, I'D KNOCK YER BRAINS OUT!

BRING THE WOMEN AND KIDS OVER HERE! HEAPHY, HELP ARNOLD...SCHWARTZ, WATCH FOR CHARLIES AT THE OTHER END OF THE VILLAGE!
BANDAGING HIS CASUALTY, TENDING THE KIDS, SGT. PARDEE WAS INTENT ON THIS WHEN A V.C. STEPPED OUT FROM BEHIND THE HUT, A GRENADE IN HIS FIST....
SARGE, WATCH IT!
OH, MY GOD!
PFC LOVETT, THE COP-OUT EVERYBODY HATED, FINALLY JUSTIFIED HIS EXISTENCE...IN THE MOMENT THAT HIS EXISTENCE STOPPED! HE TOOK THE FULL FORCE OF THE V.C. GRENADE!
OH, NO!!
WHAM
PFC LOVETT WAS DEAD, KILLED INSTANTLY! AND THE MEN WHO HAD DESPISED HIM WEPT AT HIS PASSING....
I...WE'RE ALL SORRY, LOVETT!
END

THE SENTENCE

The revolution had only lasted six hours. The presidential guard surrendered at once on one condition: "There will be a grand celebration this Sunday. If you let us keep our splendid uniforms then we will not fight." The airforce was unable to send up its three fighter planes. The shipment of high octane gas was three days overdue. The one ship of the navy had been out on a fishing expedition. And anyway it didn't have any ammo for its three guns.

The president of the country was also head of all the fighting forces. And for good measure he was both Professor of Law and of Languages at the National University.

"You are under arrest," said the colonel in charge of the rebolutionists who broke into the left wing of the presidential palace.

"If you produce an arrest and hold it up high, then I am willing to go under it," pointed out the president who really was now an ex-president.

"I don't know just what you mean," stammered this colonel. "So excuse me your excellency. Just come with me."

"Remember my rank," smiled the ex-president. "It is not just that I go with you. It is only just that you come with me."

"Anyway you want," sighed the colonel. "As long as the two of us get out of here."

The Revolutionary Council held a quick meeting. And then gave the verdict to the ex-president.

"You will be shot at sunrise tomorrow morning. By a squad of ten soldiers," said the head of the Revolutionary Council.

"Gentlemen," remarked the ex-president. "I just hope that you stick to that verdict. If it happens to be a cloudy day tomorrow morning that means that I will not be shot. And once a death sentence is handed down it can't be changed. Should for some reason the sentence can't be carried out, then the condemned man is to be set free. So you can see that I will do my best to pray for a cloudy day."

"Not exactly so," challenged the fifth member of the Revolutionary Council. Who had studied law with the president. "Since there is always a tomorrow, it according to section 7, paragraph of the book on Interpretation of Law, which you wrote, would mean the next morrow after the morrow before. So all we have to do is to wait until we get a tomorrow with a nice sunrise and you will be shot."

"If you at least would have me hung, then my grandchildren could be told that I died of shortness of breath. They are so young. It surely would hurt their feelings to know that you riddled me with bullets. And ten men to do it! What a good terrible waste of the taxpayers money. All those bullets to be used on one. You could get one expert to shoot me with one bullet."

"Enough of this," shouted the third member of the Revolutionary Council. "I think you are trying to confuse us. You will be shot tomorrow. Sunset or no sunset. I mean sunrise or no sunrise. Now according to procedure you are entitled to a good last supper."

"I am glad you are willing to do this for me," smiled the ex-president. "I will give you my order for that last supper right now. I want thirty five grapefruits. Each ripe and cold. And each cut into two sections. Then I want seventy seven plates of chicken soup, thirty five plates of vegetable soup, and twenty two plates of potato soup. Which is our national soup as you all know. Then I want forty six plates of chicken livers all cut up with bits of clean celery. Then I want one hundred one pound prime steaks. All medium done. And when I have finished, I want seventy nine cups of coffee and one hundred slices of almond cake."

"No human being can eat all of that in one sitting," said the eighth member of the Revolutionary Council. "It would take you at least one or two months to finish all of that food."

"You are very intelligent," praised the ex-president. "It will take me even longer than two months to finish all of that food for my last supper. I am a slow eater. I want to masticate every bit of food that I eat."

"And who is going to pay the bill for all of that food?" demanded the seventh member of the Revolutionary Council. "There is no money in the national treasury."

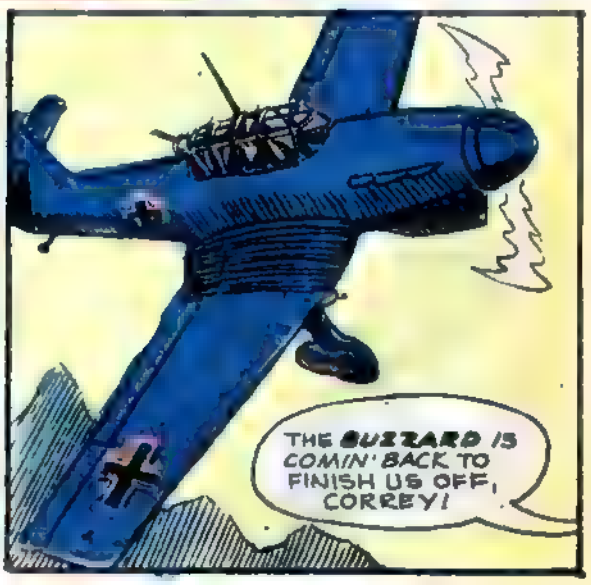
Before the ex-president could answer, a messenger gave a note to the head of the Revolutionary Council. Who read it and then spoke out to all present.

"The counter revolution has just taken place. We are all now prisoners of the president. What is your order, Your Excellency?"

"That you all be my guests at the last supper," was the reply.

LATE WINTER, 1944, THE AMERICAN FIFTH ARMY WAS SLUGGING IT OUT WITH THE STUBBORN NAZI **ALPINE KORPS** IN THE RUGGED ITALIAN ALPS! CORPORAL RUDD CORREY AND HIS THREE MAN PATROL WERE LEG-WEARY AND BONE-TIRED THE DAY LIEUTENANT MADERO SENT THEM ACROSS THE MILE LONG ALPINE FOOT BRIDGE ON A RECONNAISSANCE MISSION! THE PLATOON WATCHED IN HELPLESS HORROR AS THE THREE MEN THREW THEIR PACKS AND HEAVY WINTER COATS OVER THE SIDE AND MADE A MAD DASH FOR LIFE WHEN A NAZI STUKA CAUGHT THEM HALF WAY ACROSS WITH....

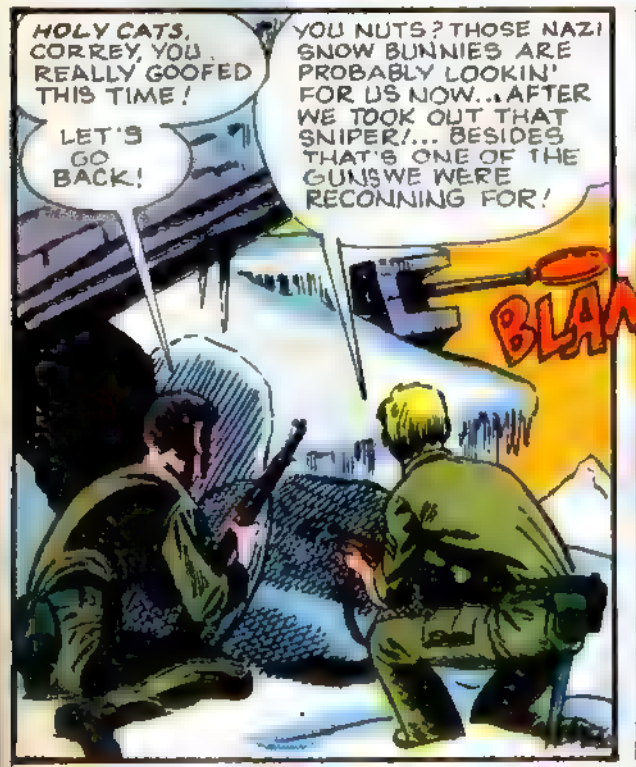
NOWHERE TO HIDE!

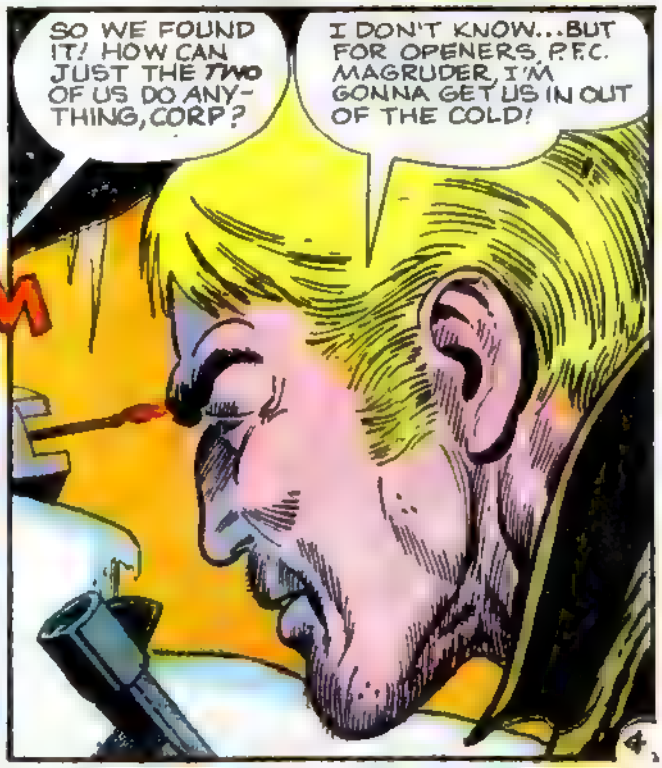


RAT-TATAT
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! HE'S GONNA GET THIS WHOLE CLIP!
DON'T MISS! IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN!
ZING
VEEENNG
YOU GOT HIM, CORP!
BOOM
LET'S GET UP THIS THING BEFORE THE NAZI SKI PATROLS FIND US!
MAYBE, THEY'RE SERVIN' HOT COFFEE AND DONUTS... I'M FREEZIN' MY TAIL OFF!
COME ON, MAGRUDER! WE'RE ALMOST AT THE TOP!
THE FIRST NAZI WAS THERE! BUT HE WASN'T ABOUT TO SERVE COFFEE AND DONUTS...
2

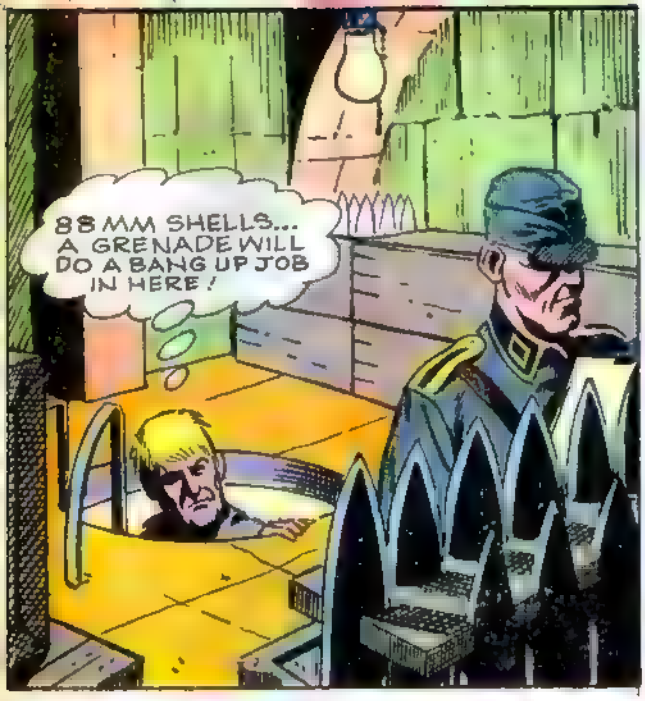
KRAK
I SAID HOT COFFEE NOT LEAD!
KRAUT SNIPER!
RATATTATATTAA
ZING
PEENG
VEENG
SCRATCH ONE STUKA AND ONE MEMBER OF THE ELITE ALPINE KORPS! BUT CORPORAL CORREY AND P.F.C. MAGRUDER MARCHED INTO REAL BIG TROUBLE TRYING TO GET BACK TO THEIR OWN LINES...
OH... NAZI ARTILLERY!
AIR PLANES, SNIPERS AIN'T ENOUGH... NOW YOU WANT THEM TO SHOVE A CANNON DOWN OUR THROATS... HOW'D YOU MAKE CORPORAL?

IN THE VALLEY BELOW, THE MSR (MAIN SUPPLY ROUTE) SERPENTINED ITS WAY NORTH, WITH KRAUT 88 MM SHELLS FALLING LIKE SATANIC RAIN... FIRED FROM PILLBOXES UP ON THE ALPINE ROCKS!

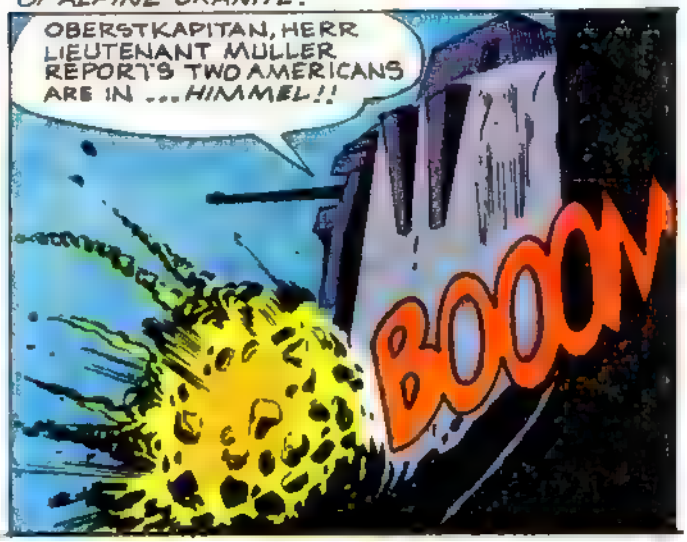

HOLY CATS, CORREY, YOU REALLY GOOFED THIS TIME!
LET'S GO BACK!
YOU NUTS? THOSE NAZI SNOW BUNNIES ARE PROBABLY LOOKIN' FOR US NOW... AFTER WE TOOK OUT THAT SNIPER!... BESIDES THAT'S ONE OF THE GUNS WE WERE RECONNING FOR!
BLAM


SO WE FOUND IT! HOW CAN JUST THE TWO OF US DO ANY-THING, CORP?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT FOR OPENERS, P.F.C. MAGRUDER, I'M GONNA GET US IN OUT OF THE COLD!

BLAM
I'LL BET...RIGHT INTO SOME FLYIN' HOT LEAD!
SON, YA GOTTA HAVE FAITH IN YOUR LEADER!
THE GERMAN SENTRY WAS READING A LETTER FROM HIS FRAULINE...HE NEVER SAW CORREY'S APPROACH UNTIL...
UGH!
THUD
WHAT'LL I DO WITH HIM, CORREY?
TIE AND GAG HIM, AND LEAVE HIM HERE... HE WON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE FOR A LONG TIME!
LOOK, CORP... THAT LADDER PROBABLY LEADS TO THE GUN!
MORE LIKELY TO AMMO STORAGE ROOMS, VINCE!
I'LL HAVE A LOOK!
5



THE GRENADE DETONATED THE ARTILLERY SHELLS...AND BLEW OUT HUNDREDS OF TONS OF ALPINE GRANITE!

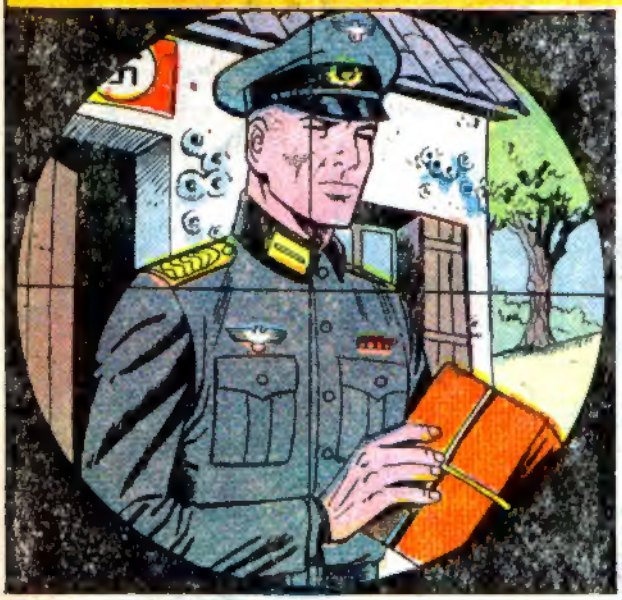


THE ALPINE GRANITE WAS HONEYCOMBED WITH GERMAN TUNNELS.... CPL. CORREY AND PFC. MAGRUDER, TRYING TO STAY ALIVE, CREATED CHAOS....

STAND CLEAR, VINCE. I GOT ME A TARGET ON THE PEAK TO THE SOUTH OF US!
RIGHT ON TARGET! GREAT SHOT, CORP!
NEVER MIND THE ROSES... RELOAD! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF FANCY SHOOTIN' TO DO!
WAM
THEY KNOCKED OUT THREE OTHER GUNS... THEN RAN FOR THEIR LIVES ...
WE COULD'VE FIRED A FEW MORE ROUNDS, CORREY!
NO! THE GUNNERS AT THE POSITIONS WE DIDN'T HIT ARE GONNA POUNCE ON THIS GUN ANY SECOND!
WOW!! YOU FIGURED THAT ALL THE WHILE?
YUP! THAT'S WHY I'M THE CORPORAL!
BLAM
KA-BAM
BAM
THE END

THE SNIPER

HE WAS 300 YARDS FROM THE GERMAN COMMAND POST BUT WITH HIS 'SCOPE-EQUIPPED RIFLE, HE KNEW HE COULDN'T MISS THE NAZI OFFICER COMING OUT OF THE SAND-BAGGED C.P.!



CHARLTON COMICS

ATTACK

FIGHTIN' MARINES

FIGHTIN' ARMY

PACK a WALLOP

A

VIGILANTE 407

DCP Scan